BLOODY BATTLE-FIELDS

ENTERTAINING REMINISCENCES OF THE REBELLION.

Graphic Accounts of the Stirring Scenes Witnessed on the Battle-Field and in Camp—Old Comrades Recite Experiences of a Thrilling Nature.

The Sutler's Army Pies.

BY H. C. BURNS, FOURTEENTH PENNSYLVANIA CAVALRY.

AIR—"Auld Lang Syne."

OLD comrades, your attention give,
A song I'll sing to you;
The subject you have heard before,
And every word is true:
The largest end of each month's pay,
From sixty-one to 'five,
Was gobbled by the sutler man
In return for his army pies.

Chorus.
The sutler of peach brandy fame,
Well known to all the boys,
Whose iron-clad dried apples,
Soled or pegged, he sold for pie.

Cheap jewelry, prize-package men,
Were all well known as beats,
For one might rend a newspaper
Through envelopes or sheets;
But, oh, ye sutler, 'tis of him
That wicked thoughts arise,
With those who suffered years of pain
From eating his army pies.

There's men who should be pensioned now,
Who'd thank their lucky stars
If they had only been half killed
With sword or bayonet scars,
Instead of suff'ring worse than death;
For they now realize
The sawdust, rails, and spikes and nails
They had eaten for army pies.

The hard-tack was so all-fired tough
We broke them with a brick,
And for a change we'd buy a pie,
So galvanized and slick;
But, oh, when they were out of sight,
They generally took the prize,
As we eat rails or rusty nails
As the sutler's army pies.

Shot-iron filled with sawdust
Would have answered just the same;
But let us hope, for half his lies
He'll not be held to blame;
For time our wrath has blunted o'er,
With age we've grown more wise;
We trust that mercy may o'ertake
All the dealers in army pies.

There's many freaks of army life
That, Phœnix-like, remain,
But none that give the boys at least
More pleasurable pain;
So let this subject we've discussed
Be given wheres and whys,
What will the future soldiers eat
Instead of army pies?

How We Talked.

BY JAMES FRANKLIN FITTS.

THE fact has very often been stated that the American soldier in our great war, both in blue and gray, was, generally speaking, a person of intelligence. He knew what he was fighting for, or, more correctly stated, he knew what he was supposed to be fighting for. Hence, aside from the necessary obedience of orders and subordination to discipline imposed by his position as a soldier, he was independent in his views, disposed to be critical of his superior officers on safe occasions, and was sometimes given to pointing out the mistakes of great generals and telling how campaigns that had been attempted could have been very much better conducted.

This criticism was not—all of it assuredly was not—ignorant and weak. General Sherman has told us in his book of personal memoirs of his visits to advanced posts, his free talk with the private soldiers and of their very frequent shrewd guesses at contemplated future movements, and their sensible observations upon movements in progress. This is readily accounted for by the intelligence of the soldier, by his habit of keen observation, by his facility of picking up information, and by his close reading of the current newspapers. He kept himself well posted as to the general situation in this way, and was often quite as competent to criticise or advise as those who were in authority over him.

The private soldier had an effective way of "sizing up" his officers. From Generals down to Lieutenants, he was never deceived nor misled by show or bluster. Deeds and not words were most convincing with him. The Generals whom he approved were of the fighting kind. He had a secret, often a decidedly expressed, contempt for the paper-collar and general-order style of commanders, who were heard from everywhere but at the time of battle.

I am not losing sight of my subject, but the suggestion of the relation of the private soldier to his officers reminds me at once of the immense advantage that the Union cause had over the Confederate in the popularity of President Lincoln with the army. From the first call to arms down to the day of the assassination, the President had the love and the confidence of the Union soldier. His plain, simple character, his common-sense expressions, and his heartiness to thousands of the soldiers whom he met, both after great reviews and at the White House, as well as on his frequent visits to the hospitals, fixed him firmly in their affections as their friend. There never was a time when he could appear before even a single regiment without receiving a spontaneous outburst of cheers. The soldiers loved him; they talked of him around their camp-fires in a strain of affection and pride; there was not an incident occurring in those stirring days showing his tenderness to the soldier—and such incidents were plenty enough—but it quickly came to the field and was talked of among the soldiers. This quality of the Chief Executive of the United States of winning the armies to him, was of the greatest service to the cause. No man can tell what it did not do for us. The merits and demerits of McClellan, of Burnside, Hooker, Meade, even Grant, were earnestly and sometimes fiercely debated about the camp-fires. As to each there was always a strong minority of opposition, but when the question was mooted as to "Old Abe" there were no two opinions. In the judgment of the soldiers, freely expressed, he was the man to have at the head of affairs; he was one whom they could understand and appreciate, and they gave him their perfect confidence.

Now cast a glance at the other side. We make the parallel in no invidious spirit; it is a part of history. When was it that the Confederate soldiers ever broke out with enthusiasm over their President? Who ever spoke of him around their camp-fires with affection or admiration? A man of great ability, no doubt, and thoroughly devoted to the cause of which he was the head; but he had no faculty of inspiring the rank and file with great regard for himself. It may be said with perfect truth that he has been much better received at many places in the South since the close of the war than he ever was by the Confederate armies during the war. He was never the soldier's man.

I have put at the head of this article, "How We Talked." The "we" comprehends much more than the private soldier. The discipline of the volunteers never reached that of the regulars—and it would have been a sorry thing for the service if it had. Company and field officers were well known to the soldiers of their regiments at home, and often Colonels and Captains did not disdain to come out and stand round the fires with the men, smoking the universal brier-wood pipe, and listening to the talk that was hardly softened on account of their presence. In fact, the talk was sometimes made a little plainer when it was known that shoulder-straps were within hearing.

Fragments of such conversations are remembered after twenty-five years. Here is one of them:

"Most twenty miles marched to-day," grumbled a high private. "What's the use of such a long march on a hot, dusty day like this?"

"To give General —— a chance to show his authority, I suppose."

"Well, why don't we fight? Why not have a battle and put an end to all this toting about?"

"Yes, why not?" observes a philosopher in blue. "Why the dickens ain't you in command, Jones? You seem to know just what ought to be done."

A slight laugh follows, and Jones grumbles to himself. After a pause another soldier takes up the burden of criticism.

"Well, I don't care; we've got a right to growl when we see things going the way they do. What's been the good of all our marching the last two weeks, I'd like to know. We haven't seen the enemy; our Generals haven't meant we should. What's the good of it?"

"You're the hired man of the United States," observes the philosopher in blue. "You get thirteen dollars a month and 'found' for doing what the military big-bugs tell you to. You're a machine—don't you understand it? Want to run yourself, do you?"

"O, pshaw!—guess we can talk if we want to. Now, I say that anybody can see there's nothing but foolishness in this campaign. If we hadn't moved so far away from the river, so that we could get our supplies regular, and without the guerrillas interfering; and if we'd moved two days sooner than we did; and if the cavalry was worth a cent for scouting; and if——"

"O, dry up! Always the big 'if' in the way. Do you suppose you could better it? Why, I suppose that if your uncle wore petticoats, he'd be your aunt—wouldn't he?"

Laughter and good humor follow such a sally as this; soon the "tattoo" sounds, and the soldiers go to their rest on the ground, dreaming of home and gathering strength for a twenty-mile march on the morrow.—*Chicago Ledger.*

The Turning Point of the War.

MAJOR CHAS. Hilton, of the Palmer House, Chicago, in the course of a conversation with an old soldier related this: "I have often heard men ask what was the turning point of the war. Major Thomas Newsham, who lives in this State, told several of us once that he had put the question to General Sherman one day, and that the old commander gave him this reply: It was a short time after the battle of Corinth. Sherman had reported to Halleck, who was in command, and was there informed that Grant intended to resign. Grant was under Halleck's command. When Sherman heard of this he mounted his horse and rode to Grant's headquarters. Grant was sore about the treatment he had received and told Sherman he would stand it no longer. He handed Sherman a piece of paper on which was Grant's resignation. Sherman asked Grant if he would do him a favor, and Grant replied in a sorrowful way that he would if it lay in his power. Sherman tore the resignation into fragments and said he wanted Grant to withhold his resignation for two weeks. Grant consented with hesitation. When the two weeks were up Halleck had been retired and Grant was reinstated, for Sherman had removed him. 'That,' said Old Tecumseh, 'I consider was the turning point of the war.'"

How Biddy Welch Raised the Wind.

BY D. C. CAMERON.

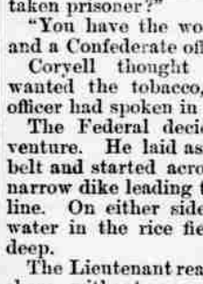
A BROTHER of mine serving in the Seventeenth Regulars during the siege of Petersburg tells the following:

"A large, powerful, good-natured comrade by the name of Welch—a brother of Col. Welch, of the Sixteenth Michigan, who was killed at Chapin's Farm—was dubbed Biddy Welch. The boys were wont to play a little game of 'draw' at times. When pay-day passed in the dim distance and greenbacks were flown they played for rations, valued upon a sliding scale of two hardtacks equal one spoonful of coffee; two spoonfuls of sugar equal one of coffee, etc. Sugar graded at 25 cents; coffee, 50 cents; a square inch of plug tobacco, 25 cents.

"We drew rations every ten days, and the boy who went broke at the game two days after the drawing, had to "spike for grub" the eight remaining days, or until another issue.

"One day while playing in the trenches Biddy sat in hard luck—Biddy generally did sit in hard luck, and was short on rations; everything he had was up. Number one raised the blind; number two called. Biddy looked at the pot, and a shade came over his face—his rations were all up; looked again at his hand, and his face lightened; studied a moment, went down into his 'starve-bag' and brought to light an enormous cucumber pickle, held it reluctantly out, and queried: 'Boys, what'll ye 'low me on that?' Instantly three pairs of eyes bulged in amazement. Where did he get that? How did he come by it? Instantly three stomachs craved the unaccustomed luxury. An ardent desire to possess the succulent anti-scorbutic arose under every blue blouse. Go on it? Why, that's worth the last chip. Everything was put up, cards drawn, hands showed down, and Biddy raked in the pot, a phenomenon for him to do. Many a comrade in the succeeding nights went feeling for that pickle, but Biddy always took it into the blanket with him. Often was it thereafter produced as the dernier resort, and when it decayed and became no longer merchantable, his bank stock was gone. But before the dissolution came many a good hand was laid down by an opponent upon production of that hoary pickle."

Kept His Word Like a Soldier.



THE Atlanta *Constitution* relates this interesting war reminiscence: Lieut. C. A. Coryell, formerly of the One Hundred and Forty-first New York Volunteers, Twentieth Army Corps, was with Sherman on the famous march to the sea. One bright Sunday in December, 1864, the Lieutenant was detailed to take charge of the picket line in front of Savannah, on the edge of a rice swamp. There was a truce between the pickets, and everything wore a Sabbath-like stillness.

Coryell had nothing to do, and was out of tobacco. How to get a chew was the question. Finally a handsome young officer from the Confederate side strolled out between the lines. Coryell hailed him at once:

"I say, Johnny, got any chewing tobacco over there?"

"Yes, plenty of it—something good."

"Come over!" shouted the Federal. "I want to buy some. Got lots of Confederate money, but no tobacco."

"Can't do it," replied the Confederate, "it's against orders to leave my post."

"Well, then, come half way, and I'll meet you."

"Sorry, Yank, but I can't do that, either," answered the Confederate.

"Johnny!" yelled the desperate Federal, "if I come over to you I can get the tobacco and return safely to my lines?"

"Come along, I'll treat you right."

"How do you know that I will not be taken prisoner?"

"You have the word of a gentleman and a Confederate officer."

Coryell thought a moment. He wanted the tobacco, and the young officer had spoken in a manly way.

The Federal decided to make the venture. He laid aside his sword and belt and started across the high and narrow dike leading to the Confederate line. On either side of the dike the water in the rice fields was ten feet deep.

The Lieutenant reached the opposite shore without any misgivings. The Confederate produced some tobacco and a trade was made in no time. Then the two fell into a pleasant conversation.

Suddenly Coryell saw a signal flutter from a house some distance in the rear of the Confederate line.

"What does that mean?" he asked, sharply.

Just then an orderly dashed up on horseback and with a dignified salute said to the Confederate officer:

"Lieutenant, the General orders you to take the Yankee officer to headquarters."

Coryell was dumfounded. Visions of Andersonville, Castle Thunder and Libby Prison danced before his eyes. He thought of his loved ones at home and the disgrace attached to such a capture.

He cursed the infernal tobacco that had placed him in such an unlucky position. Then he looked at the Confederate Lieutenant and noted his honest eyes and his manly face.

"Am I your prisoner?" asked Coryell.

The Confederate extended his right hand.

"I offered you my protection," he said. "Go to your lines. I will follow you over the dike, and if my body can shield you from Confederate lead you shall reach your command in safety. Good-by and God bless you!"

The Federal started on his return trip. He dreaded the enemy's fire and fully expected a chance shot would cripple him and cause him to fall into the water, where death would be a certainty.

He was half way across when the first shot came. There was another and another, until a whole brigade seemed to be firing at him.

The fugitive walked rapidly onward until he reached the Federal lines and vaulted over the breastwork. Then he looked back and saw his protector standing on the dike. The Confederate waved his hand, turned about, and marched back to his own side. He had kept his promise like a true soldier.

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CHILDHOOD'S DAYS.

BY EMMET F. HART, AGED THIRTEEN.

AH! sweet were the days
of my youth
And the innocent
hours of play,
With a stick for a
horse, and a willow switch,
Whiling the time
away.

When winter spread
her snowy veil
Over the meadow
and field,
Then came the time, to
childish glee,
To make the enemy
yield.

With balls of snow as
hard as stone
We charged the enemy's flank,
Advanced, forced back, 'mid loud hurrahs,
As the victors charged in rank.

But spring, with her rain and thunder showers,
And fleecy lambs at play,
Brought lighter hearts to children folk
Than ever the winter gray.

Dear children, let us prepare for the time
When we shall grow aged and poor,
When the angel Death, in his robes of black,
Shall come and knock at the door.

GENTRYVILLE, Mo.

THROUGH IMPULSE.

BY L. B. W.

Dr. Mills sat in his office casting up his yearly accounts.

"Yes," he said, after careful consideration, "I think next year I can get a carpet and some new chairs here. I want one new chair, anyway," moving uneasily. "I ought to paper and paint, too. I wonder if I could afford to do both! If I made my old harness last, I could; perhaps I can find a second-hand one."

Like many other country physicians, Dr. Mills was, though well educated and possessed of more than ordinary ability, very poor.

He was interrupted by a summons to a lady visitor at the rectory. In a moment he had stepped from the dingy office to a room filled with bits of the tropics, in the shape of rich, bright shawls and jewels, and on a sofa a woman pressing her hand to her brow.

Dr. Mills sat down by her, laid his finger on her pulse, and gazed down on her face.

Dr. Mills was a plain country doctor, thirty years old, just from calculations about second-hand harness; but, as he sat with his hand on that hot brow, I am afraid his reflections were not exactly of nerve disturbance and his infallible remedy.

"Have you been subject to these attacks?" he asked, at length.

"Yes," answered Miss Lyle, "for the last few weeks. This is the worst, though."

"There is serious derangement of the nervous system," said he. "It will take time to cure it."

"But you can give me something to relieve this pain, can't you, Doctor?" and the large, melting eyes looked up at him with infinite entreaty.

"Certainly," he replied; "but something temporary for to-night. I must see you again if I am to do you much good."

"If you will only give me relief now," said Miss Lyle, "I shall be so grateful that I shall be glad to see you again as often as you will come."

At home once more in his shabby office, there came another knock, and his landlady appeared at the door.

"It's Mrs. Black's child again, sir."

"And what's the matter with Mrs. Black's child?" asked he, impatiently.

"His mother thinks he's eaten something that isn't good for him, and it's got tangled round his heart," replied Mrs. Podgkins.

"Tangled round his granny!" exclaimed Dr. Mills. "Is the woman outside?"

"Yes, she's here."

"Tell her to come in. Well, Mrs. Black, what has your boy been gorging himself with now?"

"I can't tell, sir," said Mrs. Black. "I've given him every remedy I know of."

"No wonder he doesn't get better, then," muttered the doctor, and sat without speaking for some minutes.

"I'd been taking home some fine things," pursued Mrs. Black, "that I'd been getting up for the lady at the rectory, and I see the light in here, so I thought I'd stop."

Dr. Mills faced round and stared fixedly at the woman. She had the handling, then, of the lace and frills that clung to that soft, warm neck.

"She's quite poorly to-night," continued Mrs. Black. "Maybe you've been there."

"Yes, I've been there," answered Dr. Mills, shortly. "I'll come round and see your boy, Mrs. Black."

Two hours later saw him again seated by Miss Lyle's couch. His drops had failed to quiet that surging brain. He tried magnetizing her. While the hours of night throbbed away he sat with hands pressed on the knotted temples. Every now and then the snowy eyelids would tremble and half rise, and through his whole frame would run a thrill. When morning began to steal through the windows, he withdrew his stiffened fingers, and bent low over the sleeper. Did his lips touch her brow? Mrs. Everett, who sat in a chair by the fire, thought so, but the next moment he was tip-toeing his way out of the room.

"Can I know the outward cause of all this?" he asked, the next morning.

"I do not think the knowledge would guide you at all; but the shock—for it was a shock—was not peculiar."

"I beg your pardon! Everything that happens to you must be peculiar."

"You are mistaken. I am not an uncommon woman," said Miss Lyle.

Immersed in his profession, Dr. Mills had heretofore had no time for love; in fact, he had regarded it only as a schoolgirl pastime. But now, after weeks which might have been a hasheesh dream, he woke suddenly to realize his folly.

One morning, Miss Lyle announced to him her departure the next day, and was startled by an abrupt, hoarse avowal of devotion. She turned around, looked at him steadily with parted lips and wondering eyes. Then she raised her hand and lifted away the dark-brown masses of hair from his brow, and let the warm, thrilling weight rest there, while she continued to gaze wistfully and intently.

"Do not try me too long," he said, with quivering lips.

"I might not," she said, "but——" And then her face clouded. Dr. Mills understood it and took up his hat.

"Give me something of yours to keep?" he said, hesitatingly.

She took from her arm a little fancy bracelet tied with a knot of amber ribbon. He placed it next his heart.

The next morning, while sitting in his office, he heard the rumbling of a carriage, and stepping out upon the porch, saw the enchantress pass. She waved her hand to him. He turned into his den again and drew the bolt. How dark and dreary everything looked.

Five years rolled round. At a high window of the Grand Dome, in New York, stood Miss Lyle, in a sad and weary attitude. She had just returned from Europe. Suddenly she turned to her companion and said:

"Zaidie, you know I believe in impulses. I have one to go and see Mrs. Everett, the minister's wife, in Hazleton, for a few days. You will not be afraid to stay here alone without me?"

"No, dear, if you will not remain there too long."

Nina Lyle turned and went into her bed-room, and next morning was on her way. Dr. Mills was sitting down to supper one night, after a long, cold ride among his patients, when suddenly the bell sang.

"Well," he said, wearily, as the servant entered. The girl put a small parcel into his hand, saying: "A messenger brought it over from Mrs. Everett's." There was something in the dainty way in which the little parcel was tied up—a delicate fragrance that reminded him of his one dream of happiness.

"What a fool I am," he said, as he untied the parcel. And upon opening the box he found a bracelet tied with amber ribbon.

The color rushed to his very forehead; his heart beat fast; his fingers trembled as he lifted the bracelet. It was the exact counterpart of the one laid away in his desk.

The Doctor put on his hat and strode rapidly down the street. He seemed ten years younger than an hour ago. Very soon he found himself in the presence of Miss Lyle. She received him warmly, and after a moment he said, "I have kept the bracelet, see! And you have come to reward me."

"Yes, I have come." That was all.

A few days later Miss Lyle went back to New York.

"I am going to be married," she said to her friend.

"And that heart-break which happened just before you went to Hazleton, five years ago?"

"There is the secret. I found one soon after who spoke as if his love was real, but the wound was not healed, so, after five years, I returned and found him waiting for me, and think I shall be happy."

Two lives, through impulse, have certainly been made happy.

A Gallant Young Chinaman.

A Secretary of the Chinese Embassy in Washington was introduced to a lady, who among other questions asked him: "What virtue do you most highly prize in your women?"

"The virtue of dom sticity," was the reply.

"Then you do not like your women to move in society much?" she questioned.

"Not at all. Our law even recognizes cause for divorce when a woman—pardon me, madame—is inquisitive and talkative."

"Then I would be in danger of being divorced if I lived in China?" smilingly asked the lady.

"The very day that my country would have the luck to possess a womanly being like you," replied the gallant son of the heavenly realm, "every cause for divorce would be removed from the world."—*Washington Post.*

Introduction of Envelopes.

Before Sir Rowland Hill introduced the penny post, envelopes were little used, as a double charge was made for a paper inclosed in another, however thin each might be; even the smallest clipping from a newspaper necessitated an extra fee. The use of envelopes became common after May 6, 1840, when stamped and adhesive envelopes were introduced. The first envelope-making machine was invented by Edwin Hill, brother of Roland Hill, and De La Rue's machine for folding envelope's was patented March 17, 1845. The invention of envelopes has been attributed to S. K. Brewer, a bookseller and stationer of Brighton, England, about 1830. He had some small sheets of paper on which it was difficult to write the address; he invented for these a small envelope, and had metal plates made for cutting them to the required shape and size.

Explosion in a Vest Pocket.

An explosion in his vest pocket was what Mr. Fowler of Agawam experienced the other day. He had bought some chlorate of potash tablets, and had put them in the vest receptacle with some sulphur matches. The mixture always causes commotion. But unmindful of this fact, Mr. Fowler sat down in his home to have a quiet smoke. Pretty soon he felt something warm in his pocket; he stuck in his fingers to see what was up; the matches ignited, the potash exploded, blowing open the front of his vest and burning his hands severely. Mr. Fowler jumped high in the air, and the work of stripping off his vest took but a moment. Now he carries his hand in a sling.—*Springfield Union.*

Buying Pins Became Expensive.

Mrs. Dashley—My love, I wish you would leave me a little money this morning.

Mr. Dashley—Didn't I give you fifty dollars pin money last Monday?

"Oh, well; that was last Monday."

"And seventy-five dollars pin money on Wednesday?"

"Yes; but——"

"Well, I guess hereafter I'll buy your pins myself."—*America.*

PITH AND POINT.

BLACK art—charcoal sketch.

THE love-sick maiden is almost always too small for her sighs.

CHICAGO'S big feat—outwitting New York in the world's fair contest.

THE cat's purr is the sign of peace. The rooster's spur is an emblem of war.

NATURE has wisely arranged matters so that a man can neither pat his own back nor kick himself

TO KNOW how to wait is the secret of hope—to have time to wait long enough, is the hope of success.

A RECENT novel in flexible covers is creating a great sensation. A Burlington woman uses it to spank her children with.

TEACHER—Now, my children, we will parse the sentence. "John refused the pie." Tommy Jones, what is John? Tommy—A darned fool.

A GOOD instance of absence of mind was an editor quoting from a rival paper one of his own articles, and heading it, "Wretched Attempt at Wit!"

CHOLLY—I am practicing on the type-writer every day now. Mollie—I thought there was a remarkable improvement in your courting here lately.

YEAST—What's Smithers playing in now? Crimsonbeak—Hamlet. "Does he enter into the spirit of the piece?" "Oh, yes; he is taking the part of the Ghost."

"OF what nationality is your husband, Mrs. Flaherty?" "Faith, and I don't just know. He was born in England but he has lived all his life in this country."

ANGRY subscriber—I am mad all the way through, and I want my paper stopped. Editor—Yes, sir; do you want to pay what you owe? Angry subscriber—No; I ain't mad enough for that.

TRAMP—Can you give me a bite to eat, madam? Minister's wife—We haven't a bite in the house. A donation party swooped down on us last night and cleaned us out of everything but the furniture.

EDITH—I don't like electric light in a house. Jack—Why? Edith—because it can be turned on so unexpectedly by—pa, for instance. Jack?—Well, let go out on the piazza. The moon won't play us any trick.

SUNDAY-SCHOOL teacher—Willie, how would you feel if you should ask somebody for bread and be given a stone? Willie (a jeweler's son)—If it was no better than the one on your shirt front I'd feel awful.

DURING a wifely call: Mrs. Wiggers—What is that thing, William? Mr. Wiggers—Why, mother, that's a—ahem—well, you know; why, that's my new dictating machine. Mrs. Wiggers—Oh! I was afraid for a minute it was one of those type-writers.

DE SNOOKS—Is your pretty little friend much of an artiste? Rival Belle—Nothing original about her, she copies everything she does. De Snooks—Is that so? Rival Belle (bitterly)—Yes, I don't believe she can draw her own breath without using tracing paper.

MRS. DUSKY—Am dem de black stockings' you told me "about buyin?" Miss Saffron—Yes, dem is de ones, Cicely; an' dey only cos' "seventy-five cents." "Am dey silk?" "Not 'zactly, but dey're jes' as good." "An' will dey wash." "Dat I don' know; I'se only had 'em fo' weeks."

Great editor—I think it would be a good idea to print our circulation at the head of our editorial page. What's the population of this country? Business manager—About 70,000,000. Great editor—Well, we'll not claim a circulation of over 60,000,000. No use in being hoggish.

A DREADFUL POSSIBILITY.

The lands of the Sioux
Are open, 'tis trioux,
To the hardy white settler who likes all things nioux;
But what will he dioux
When the frolicsome Sioux
Swoops down on him, scalps him, and chops him in tioux?

—*Chicago Mail.*

Startling Disclosure Made by a Rent in a Boy's Breeches.

The following story is told about the editor of one of Maine's most prominent dailies:

When a small boy his father, now one of the most prominent men in the State, was running a printing office and publishing a weekly paper in one of the largest towns in Kennebec County.

One day the advance agent of a show came along and ordered some posters printed upon cotton cloth. His order was filled, but for some reason he neglected to call for them and they were thus left on the printer's hands. The printer's wife ran across them and as cloth was then high she took the cloth home and used it to line a pair of pants she was then making for the editor above mentioned, then a boy 10 years of age.

As the months rolled by the pantaloons grew threadbare and at school one day he accidentally tore the seat out, leaving about one foot of the lining exposed to view. This in itself would have made the boys smile but they laughed till the tears came when they observed the following words standing out boldly upon the lining in large type:

"Doors open at 7:30. Performance begins at 8."

It is needless to state that the boy was sent home to his mother in tears.

Is It as Bad as This?

Everybody remembers Lord Brougham's famous epigram: "In England, the Queen is in place; the House of Commons is in power." In America, the wife is in place; Bridget is in power. In ancient Rome they had a sort of carnival, occurring once a year, called the Saturnalia, during which the slaves were free to fling all manner of insult on their masters. Our Saturnalia lasts all the year, and there is a perpetual carnival of ignorance and insolence.—*Marion Harland's Home-Maker.*

A CASE of transmission of infection to an unborn child has occurred in Paris. A child born during the convalescence of the mother from pneumonia was affected with the same malady, and died at the end of five days.